

# Restless Legs INQUIRER

ISSUE  
EIGHT



SPECIAL  
EDITION

IN MEMORY OF AUGUST NICKY GOLDEN

FREE

*"haven't laughed this hard in a long time, face is turning red, coulda sworn you were back again"*

august loved telling stories. anyone who was lucky enough to meet the guy could probably vouch for this. if there was a setting where august was most at ease or joyful or just content, it was standing outside a house show, beer in hand, swapping stories with almost anyone. august's stories were slightly bloated with half truths and generally made us look good or were self deprecating in a fun way. i figure what better way to honor august than to tell our story, though this one is 100% true:



in 2010 i moved into a decrepit victorian mansion that overlooked the ocean and had twenty-five housemates. august was living in a blanket fort under the stairs and sometimes in a tent. he wore wire glasses and a thick beard and was the TA for a marxism class at the university. he knew everything about bay area punk of the 90s and shared the blessing/curse of recently being a californian teen obsessed with folk punk made in the midwest and south. we became friends quickly and snuck into the dining hall at the U. our fantasy world had the most charming daily routine for two wide eyed 22-year-olds: we'd volunteer at the infoshop, grab a burrito while processing unhinged poly drama, show up for a 4 hours house meeting, then walk over to the other collective house to get blasted on air during my pirate radio show. friends from later chapters of our lives would give us shit for romanticizing this time period too much but it was/is impossible not to. we

started booking shows (mostly for Sharkpack) together at other peoples' houses and at the infoshop. at one such show, while Sharkpack played someone danced through a window. of course the house had just been evicted and our friends hey wanted their deposit back. we got the window just barely to stay in place right before their landlord walkthrough. it passed the test but with a smirk we imagined our shoddy work failing soon after. at this time august was in a band that looked like traincore folk punk but sounded like Modest Mouse (they were great). We'd sit on the porch for hours screenprinting junk from the (bursting at the seams) free closet and eventually our dream house was evicted for creating a culture of care (coop nonprofit didn't like how we let people live there rent free if they lost their job. august was one of the "squatters", of course). this all culminated in one graf show at the house being effectively the final straw, the aesthetic pissing off the neighbors so much that the landlord sold the place. august and i were defeated; he haunted the place like a ghost that summer and...

i moved to philly for a short while and returned to santa cruz heartbroken and miserable. turned out august was those things too, so we evangelized about our heartache together in the way young punks can't help. august found me a walk-in closet in a regular sized house with twenty housemates. he lived in a closet in the next room over, so small that a twin mattress curled up on the side. of course, both of our respective exes lived four doors down with twenty different people. we drank 40s on the porch, comfortable in our conjoined misery, wearing patches of a housemate's drawing of our house on our denim vests. the landlord, greg, lived in a tiny house in the backyard and though he was a stingy bastard he let august live there for free. aug thought it was because he fixed stuff around the house but i kinda thought greg just cared for the guy. a lot of

people did. greg was a lanky old hippy turned slumlord for punks. rumor had it he became a multi-homeowner after taking the fall for some kind of LSD operation, but who knows if this is true. one time i came into the living room to find greg just staring at the couch which had a sign on it that said "scabies, don't sit". i stared at it with him. another time greg came around to the porch during 40oz sadboi time and asked us if we'd ever heard of the straight edge movement; he thought it might do us some good. another time he showed up in the morning after a show and told someone how he almost came in and ended the post show dance party cuz he had yoga early but when he looked through the window at us smiling he thought

"there's only so much beauty in this world." aug loved to tell that story.



some of the best bands we'd ever seen played in that living room...Sourpatch, Acid Fast, Thrishi, Waxahatchee, and still mostly Sharkpack. aug and i started a tape label in the room between our closets (which had someone living in it) called Black Mold (but august stylized it "b(l)ack mold" in reference of the patch of fungus i had from my rattail dreads) to put out our friends' music. i think we found our tape duplicator at the bins and after years (decades?) of use it would get glitchy. august contacted the company that made it and the guy on the phone said they're an overhead projector company now but that he built our machine so he'd be happy to fix it for free. things just felt charmed with august.





august and i followed a friends' band on tour and i ended up moving to portland somehow. august followed shortly behind, into the closet under the stairs i had just graduated from. our house was called Scowling House after Tanner (RIP) changed the Ginsberg reference on the mailbox from HOWL to SCOWL. (my mom: "scowling house?? why don't you call it smiling house?") it was the regime change knocking down of the old statues. this was a time where being with people 24/7 wasn't exhausting somehow, or maybe the personalities were just right. life was a blur of band practice, zine fests, spontaneous trips, not much working (especially august). i have fond memories of most of our nine or ten housemates all in the living room at once working on various projects or just playing super nintendo. we put together a ton of mixed bills in our basements featuring the best bands i've ever heard...Poor Form, Slouch, mostly Sharkpact. at some point august and robin built a shack out back just for the house's free pile. everything in there ended up covered in mold but it was nice for a while.

with some friends, we opened an infoshop/venue together. august was the one who found the right landlord, the one guy on portland craigslist who would rent us a building without plumbing or insulation for \$500 with which we could do anything we pleased (besides pee indoors). we called it Anarrcs, after the ambiguous utopia in Ursula K. Le Guin's Dispossessed. in my head the name was august's idea but don't quote me on that. At some point somebody told Le Guin about our space on the other side of town and she said "at least they spelled it right!" august and i loved this. we put the quote on the tumblr and facebook page. looking back, i don't know what compelled us to do something so painstakingly difficult but we were proud of the place. before we knew it we were the older crowd collecting donations for the earnest sober folk punk shows booked by teenagers and people in portland still accused us of starting an insular clubhouse.

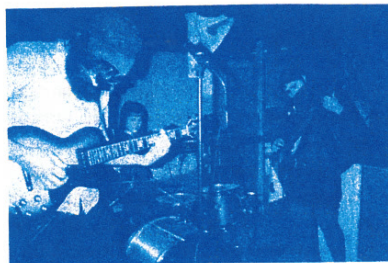
i took august on his first train and he was so nervous. in his defense the thing was going about 10 mph. but we got up and into the gondola and giggled anyway. approaching a bridge we saw this toddler light up as he saw us in the traincar below and we waved back. but when the kid got his parents over to show them we had passed under and were perhaps reduced to a fantasy in the child's mind. we were taking a day trip along the Columbia Gorge... or that

was the goal anyway. the plan was to get off at a siding, camp, and then hitch back on the 84 in the morning, but no one would pick us up. i remember being surprised by this at the time but looking back august looked like Charlie Manson and zach and i looked like we just crawled out of a dumpster. we ended up camping an extra night or two, thumbing it all day, until we ran out of fish bags and ended up

desperately flying a sign that just said Carl's Jr. (what Hardee's goes by in the west coast). finally we caught a ride with a nice guy who was on a road trip with his little sister and said we could ride with to portland but we'd have to stop at some waterfalls. we said of course. first, he took us to mcdonald's.



aug and i had both been in bands here and there (most of august's had been folk punk) but it wasn't until we started Bagheera that it felt serious....like our lyrics were personal and earnest, and playing basement shows felt like sharing our little secret world with friend and strangers alike. our first song was about a cold winter with a broken furnace. our housemate/drummer got frostbite. at our first show we wore scarves and mittens while playing and Sharkpact didn't get there till 3am because a rare snow storm shut down the freeway. we did our first big US tour together and it felt seamless, at least in retrospect. We ate free Chipotle in many states, and got through a snow storm, and even went to Minneapolis. neither of us had smart phones and every day felt like a thrill and we drank in the van outside the sober show and ended the month with about \$50 each and so many new friends.



we confronted the landlord about the broken furnace. she evicted us soon after. (of course we stole the "scowl" mailbox. it came with us to several houses we shared since; the flyer for the house's last show we made over the eviction notice; Sharkpact played wrecking ball) august found a new house for everyone to move into. the basement walls were so thick with bricks and it was basically on a highway so we could have as many shows as we wanted.

we called it "new scowling house" because we couldn't let go of a good thing. august was really adamant that we move the washer and dryer out of the laundry room so it could be a bedroom, largely to house another person. august argued that we could each pay \$15 less rent but i think he just couldn't stomach a room with a door not having someone living in it, even if it was a windowless cell. of course august hardly ever washed his clothes and of course i supported this unheeding plan. later on another housemate spearheaded taking the toilet out of a bathroom and making that an extra bedroom so august wasn't even the biggest wingnut among us. we were both on the lease but the landlord would just shut the door when august opened it and would only talk to me. the porch had a rotating cast of characters. for a few weeks a totally regular neighbor would come by to drink on the porch. he was amused by us and had a crush on august. on one of those nights, the porchlight shone on august's skin and the neighbor was like "wowwww august you're so tan!" With comic timing, jac licked their finger and rubbed august's shin smirking "it's dirt!"



we accidentally started hanging with some ruiners and also the best friends i've ever had. we'd all walk over to Farragut Park and throw rocks at trains and sometimes on summer nights we'd all play lava monster on the playground or spin the bottle in the grass. in my memory of those times august is not playing childrens games but just standing with a beer. he looked bored to an untrained eye but it was always clear to me he was having the time of his life just being there with the buds. jac talked about this time like if you spent a night away from that house it felt like you were missing everything. and we were just sitting on the porch listening to tapes. it was a weird big dysfunctional family but generally it worked, though everything began to crumble after Emily died. i'll never forget the time, late in the grief process after emily died i burst into tears and headed upstairs. august followed me and didn't know exactly what to say but just laid with me and it was all i needed. he was always there to reassure you that whatever it was would pass.

As the collective grief/love from emily's death faded into something harsh, aug got mildly canceled (maligned, really) and also was reeling from a bad psych medical study and then one housemate kicked a buncha people out including Paul who pretty immediately died. august came back and then it was time for us to leave portland. august knew this before i did. after moving through the grief from our giant



cooperative house ending, aug knew when it was time to cut your losses.

in new orleans august was extremely popular (as expected) and always set up the best shows of your band's tour and always made the best mixtapes. one time while i was there on tour with an old band a window broke at the house aug booked the show at. we looked at each other like "of course". he eventually moved to minneapolis into the two story shack in the back of Nudieland and had one of the best years of his life. we started a new band while he was just visiting and it was like no time was lost. this became Scrounger, my favorite band i've ever had the pleasure of playing with. we went on two tours in our first 9 months and they were each the best of my life. i'm willing to bet aug felt the same. our van got totaled on the last one and we still made some money and didn't even miss a show. things just work out in company like that (morgan and jac included).



one time after band practice the house across the alley was on fire. august just grabbed an extinguisher and casually put it out. I'm not sure i've met anyone so resourceful or dependable. if your car was making a scary

noise, he'd diagnose it while you were at work and tell you what part to pick up. being a high school counselor has really made me appreciate peacefulness and august had this rare ability to be with you in non-awkward silence and knew that you don't always need to fill space just because it's there. sometimes we'd watch a bad VHS or reminisce or gossip or scheme. we kept talking about starting an all ages diy venue even tho it was a pain in the ass the last time and people were always trying to call us out for having overhead fluorescent lighting. not even a year into living here, he was talking about buying a south mpls dreamhouse and putting those roots in the ground here. i love this hopeless city to death, but sometimes even i get a little cynical, but seeing this place through august's eyes made it look like heaven. he saw the roses in the snow; to aug this was a punk mecca where people uniquely support each other's bands and projects, show up for their friends and broader community, and its clearer than it's ever been that he was right.

august reminded me to slow down, that you don't have to say everything that comes to mind, that aesthetic is important because it makes you feel good to be surrounded by cool looking stuff. he showed me how good the Goo Goo Dolls are, how special the mpls punk scene is. since he was killed there have been so many things i've wanted to tell him, the kind of things that he'd appreciate more than anyone else: all the pleasant surprises in who traveled out for his memorial, that Jeff Ott donated thousands to the community gofundme, that greg harvester put our band on a memorial mixtape of bands from a two block radius around Nudieland going back decades, and that we told Rolling Stone that august was punk as fuck and they made that the title of an article about how cool he was. lacking the ability to tell August things is just one hole left in his absence, and i don't think that one will fade anytime soon.



in all, aug and i lived together in five houses in three different states together, with anywhere between 3 and 30 housemates, all of which hosted some amount of punk shows. we lived and breathed the ethics of DIY, and at times took NOTAFLOF a little too seriously. together we've booked hundreds of shows, our sacred ritual that connects so many of us between different continents or cities or even times. we fixed at least three windows together all from people dancing through them at house shows we booked, mostly to Sharkpact. we got a lot better at fixing windows over the years. on such occasions we'd jump into gear, broken windows were like a familiar mission we were prepared to complete. the same thing happened every time a close friend's life ended: we had our roles and we were quick to get into them. i dunno how we're gonna fix the window this time, but it's more important than ever. i wish i could ask august.

here's the thing: august was killed in our little protective bubble, the DIY punk show, the unhinged world that insulated us from the rest of the society when we needed it to. DIY punk was the glue that held us together. and like the

scraps of paper in a proper zine master, the edges are peeling up. now i see so clearly how one of the most beautiful things about what we do—that anyone who walks by can participate, that there's not someone at the front guarding the entrance—is what makes it dangerous. this openness made it possible for some sociopath to spray bullets into our friends and this is something i've been having a really hard time wrestling with. but in order to move forward we will have to reckon with it. and we will. the same way Ghost Ship had us developing fire safety strategies, we will find our way forward and surely we will not give up on the little world that made august's life one of radiance and joy and bewilderment. and we will honor august by figuring it out and moving forward together, from minneapolis to marseille. it's all he'd ever want from us.

*"poison river, got a paddle, and i'll never leave without ya"*

i hate this realization that in our mid to late thirties our lives have become more like SLC punk than What To Do in Case of Fire. the poignancy of bob's senseless death—always the scene that brought tears to my eyes before i understood anything—is feeling more relevant than ever. the final monologue—"first two punks, last two punks"—feels silly and dramatic and mythic but we were all those things and more. in my version of that scene august and i are on the wrap around porch in santa cruz, listening to The Bananas, screenprinting random junk from the free pile, just ready for what the future would hold. i had no idea what was in store, and i wouldn't have predicted all we would lose, but i wouldn't change a thing.



this zine was written and laid out by hand by me, bryan. i took the photos except for the one of Bagheera—not sure who took that—and the polaroid of Scrounger with our van, probably taken by jac. lyrics quoted are from sharkpact and mischief brew respectively. thanks to forrest and kathy for helping me edit. let me know if you want to borrow or have any of the VHS reviewed. and send comments, questions, letters to the editor to brybry@riseup.net or just write it on paper and give it to me.



# VHS REVIEWS

so i usually review whatever videotapes i'd watched lately in the back of this periodical. generally i choose stuff that is interesting, surprising, or just strange. this time i'm reviewing tapes from august's shelf. we'd generally combine our collections when we've lived together; most recently we had more in common than not (if you don't count aug's X-Files box sets). here's some we probably would have watched together eventually:



## Tank Girl (1995)

this is not a good movie but it is very cool. sort of a zany misandrist Waterworld or Beyond Thunderdome, but certainly has something both those classics don't: Ice-T as a furry.

## Terror in the Swamp (1985)

kinda slow low-budget creature feature with lots of first person monster view. harkens back to an era when working people shared a class interest and the villain is the science and business interests trying to make bigger rodents to profit off the townspeople or something. oh yeah the monster is a big nutria. i could see August in this charming tale set in the Louisiana wetlands..

## Even Cowgirls Get the Blues (1993)

i sort of remember reading the book in my early 20s. my memories of that time feel like this movie: kind of meandering, horny, and not very sober. the aesthetic here is what counts and it's pretty good. it's campy in a way that isn't very fun. pretty good soundtrack.

## Lawnmower Man 2 (1996)

set in "the future" this loosely connected sequel uses the really silly graphics of the first one but the tone is different. it's like a cyberpunk Hook. the villain is like the bad guy from Hackers mixed with Zuckerberg trying to own the libs. they wanna steal kids' data but some wholesome teens have another plan... kinda like Hackers meets Indiana Jones? It'd be hard to justify this being a sequel. this movie really did predict the future though. a money grubbing company will stop at nothing to get kids data so while the natural world is dying they create a VR world you can really live (or die) in. they even have something called an eye phone (it's basically a google glass for VR). people aren't going into VR fast enough so the company actively tried to set the world on fire. original score sounds like the one from Jurassic Park. a bit heavy handed but overall a watchable film.

## The Dream Catcher (1999)

this movie starts with a drifter trying to catch a boxcar on the fly before falling onto the ground. unfortunately he already threw his pack in the car. the drifter crosses paths with a runaway teen and reluctantly they join forces. i do like this genre of movie where a wiser person grows to care for the immature maniac who starts following them on their journey. this student film kinda loses steam halfway through but does well to illustrate how much hitchhiking can suck.

## Punk Rock Movie (1978)

this documentary imagines what Decline of Western Civilization would be like if it were directionless, impersonal, and in england. sorry this column has become such Spheeris worship but this contrast makes me almost proud to be an american (punk). some of the footage is really cool (the slits at band practice stands out).

## River's Edge (1986)

aug and i both had a weakness for punk-adjacent problematic thrillers. this one follows a group of burnouts after one of their boys murders his girlfriend. most of them deal with this with the apathetic malaise of suburban teens. the scene where their teacher is bragging about what his generation did in the 60s to a classroom of bored kids says so much with so little. in the very next scene the crew takes a joyride to poke the dead body by the river with sticks. there's something strong here about the darkness of growing up in boring communities with nothing to believe in. hadn't seen this one in a decade or two but the kids' nihilism really struck me this time around. it's like a straight man take on Hitchcock's Rope.

## Senseless (1998)

a VHS August was thrilled to show me when he visited a couple of years ago, in which Marlon Waynes is a broke student who does an outpatient medical study in which he tests some experimental drug that magnifies all your senses. his friend and roommate is my favorite actor Matthew Lillard as a straight edge version of Stevo from SLC Punk. Waynes is confused about the no sex part of straight edge, as am i at this point. villain David Spade embodies the connection between academia, financial capitalism, and white supremacy. Waynes and Lillard play hockey, a bar full of crusties helps Waynes study for a test, there's romance and deceit... an undiscovered classic from my girl Penelope Spheeris that has me asking the familiar question: how does this have only 6% on rotten tomatoes?? (it's because the algorithm is bad; i read an article about this recently)

## Rude Boy (1980)

The Clash in a movie, so of course it was on August's shelf. One of those times i wish videotapes had subtitles because i can't understand half of what these wankers are saying. kinda meandering but the music is nice. politics are kinda confusing though.

SLC Punk (1998)  
jac rightfully grabbed aug's copy so this is just a xerox of mine (not that these details matter in any way). this movie is like the song Tubthumper. you like it, then you spend years of your life believing you are too righteous for its normative narrative—you like their old stuff—and eventually you see yourself in it again. SLC Punk, in its anachronistic, disjointed way, really captures the unique feeling of craving security in a subculture with no future while constantly destroyed by grief and loss. for better or worse, rather than cutting off our silly hair to become lawyers, we keep our silly hair and become social workers and nurses. and maybe we're nothing more than a buncha goddamn trendy ass posers. go figure...

RIP AUGUST  
RIP NUDIELAND  
PUNK FOREVER